DEAF FIND HELP IN THIS LEAGUE

Organized by the Hard of Hearing in Many Cities It Combats the Increasing Prevalence of Auditory Defects, Finds Employment and Helps Afflicted to Readjust Their Lives

By DIRK P. DE YOUNG.

THE United States did not enter the League of Nations, but a League for the Hard of Hearing is being ratified by nearly every State of the Union.

The New York city league, founded in 1910, is the mother institution in which the idea of a national union with its State and city organizations was conceived. Consequently, there are now many of such societies in the various cities of the country and there is also a strong national association of them all.

The alarming rate at which deafness is spreading in America, with its wastage of human energy and its ill effects upon those who are unfortunately handicapped by it, has brought thoughtful people together in the hope that through cooperation ways and means may be found to halt its growth and make life more bearable for those who have it. Miss Annetta W. Peck, executive secretary of the New York league, at 126 East Fifty-ninth street, comments as follows on the work of the institution:

"Social work for the deafened, as developed in the New York league, carries on its work at present under four departments—educational, employment, welfare and industrial—the last named consisting as yet of the handwork shop alone, although a wider field of usefulness awaits its future.

"The educational department receives and examines applicants for scholarships in lip reading, conducts two active cultural clubs for lip readers, which are attended by 175 persons or more monthly. It cooperates with the city school system and with public lectures, and, like other departments, stands ready to meet any demand, no matter how novel.

Finds Occupations Suited To the Hard of Hearing

"The employment department conducts a bureau for placement and vocational guidance, gathers statistics of the various types of deafness and the treatment of individual applicants, makes surveys of occupations suited to the deafened, &c. Its applicants cover all kinds of occupations, from college teaching to unskilled labor; they apply in person or by letter from all parts of the Union, and these latter are placed in their home locations. Most of them are people whose hearing has become impaired after years in a chosen vocation. They vary in degree of deafness from slightly hard of hearing to those who cannot hear at all, but in every case hearing was normal in infancy and childhood and often until middle age. We do not place those born deaf, as theirs is a different problem, requiring separate treatment.

"The welfare department conducts clubs for young people, for older men, and for older women, averaging a monthly attendance of several hundred. It visits the sick and distressed, gives relief, provides clothing, investigates hearing devices and, in a word, comes near to the hearts and lives of our people for the increase of their happiness and the general betterment of their conditions.

"Deafness, no matter if the world finds it a petty affair, a joke or an annoyance, is truly a grief to him who has it. As in the case of any other physical handicap, deafened people must adjust themselves to deafness, and this reconstruction work must be comprehensive if the man or woman is to hold a place among independent citizens. Every person who acquires deafness in adolescent or adult life needs some degree of reconstruction. Many must either change their occupation or become charges on their friends or their community; all must readjust their views of life and make the effort, no matter how difficult it may be, to keep mentally and spiritually normal.

Many of the Well-to-Do Neglect Failing Hearing

"An endless army of partially deafened passes through the ear clinics; yet in this comparatively enlightened day an enormous number never receive the doctor's ministrations, and neglect their ear diseases until they become incurable. In practically every one of these instances, as well as in the cases of well to do private patients, deafness blights the life. The effect, whether economic or spiritual, or both, varies according to the individual and often assumes the proportions of a tragedy. The down and outs may be from the Bowery or from Park avenue, but in wretchedness they are one.

"In this blighted state, the deafened person out of a job reads an inconspicuous advertisement in the want column of his newspaper: 'Jobs for the hard of hearing. Apply at the free employment bureau of the New York League for the Hard of Hearing.' Another may read that the city is conducting a free class in lip reading at the league's room; still another chances upon a letter to the editor telling about one of the league's recreation clubs and the good times enjoyed in it. At all events, hope is born—a tiny hope that pierces hopelessness; and that hope will draw until some time—it may not be for months league's office. Sometimes it takes more than one attempt to get as far as the elevator and through the doorway.

"In every instance, except those few who expect deafness to be miraculously healed or exorcised, the man or woman gets what he or she came for, and gets it abundantly. It is not too much to say that he gets much more; for in that moment when he opens his heart and his life to receive what he sorely needs, his reconstruction begins. He is in contact with the eternal force, and under its pressure he turns at once to the rebuilding of his life. He becomes a self-supporting, contented, hopeful, happy man; unconsciously he then proceeds to build another story on his tower—the pinnacle of service.

"With the majority of our friends the work of reconstruction has included more or less character building. In other words, they should have made contact with the external force sooner, for in this way a gentle readjustment can take place, in which the individual is spared the despondency and the self-distrust that paralyze the spirits of the deafened.

Reaching a Rebuilt Life By Four Different Roads

"Let us compare the experience of four types, each of whom became partially defeaned in youth and each of whom has arrived at a rebuilt life by a different way. Two were reached early, but two endured many things before they found their full expression and their true place in life. The oldest of these had been for several years in the clutches of an incurable ear disease before that disease was even described; she suffered every form of deprivation and indignity known to the deafened, including the miseries resulting from stupid vocational direction. Years passed, and already partially reconstructed she came into touch with lip reading. Her instructor pushed forward her development. Through him she finally reached economic independence and spiritual satisfaction.

"The second example was much younger when she met with lip reading, although she too has a history of miseries indignantly endured. Trained for professional work which as a deafened person she could not do, she became a teacher of lip reading, and through this readjustment a reconstructed woman. Yet with all the possibilities of this work her unusual ability demanded a wider field, which she has found in an opportunity to utilize that portion of her former training whose exercise she craved.

"The two others of this group stepped across the line of reconstruction almost unconsciously, and they will never bear the scars of the world's ignorance and vulgarity. One came into her work during her senior year in college, through the vocational direction of the league. She went out into the hearing world to fill with success a responsible position.

Should Be Taught Early In Incipient Deafness

"These young people have never experienced the unhappiness undergone by the two cases first cited, and their good fortune should not be the exception but the rule. Indeed, it should be the duty of the teacher and the otologist to see that boys and girls whose hearing is even slightly impaired should be instructed in lip reading while their minds are plastic, and then trained for occupations in which a possible increase of deafness will present no barrier to success.

"Difficult, indeed, are the cases whose handicap is not deafness, but low morals. The individual is shiftless, lazy, a dependent on organized charities, with all his house; or perhaps he is out and out crooked.

"Again there are the pitiful aged, who will not recognize that their handicap is their years, not their lack of hearing, and who refuse all efforts to place them in comfortable institutional homes. We have also an occasional backslider, who, having received all, deliberately settles down to self-satisfied deterioration. Lastly, we have the rare cases of persons determined to have their hearing back—the irreconcilables.

"It may be asked whether there are any deafened people who cannot be brought into contact with the beneficent impulses toward rehabilitation. It can be answered positively, not among working people or fairly educated people. They respond in an open hearted, sensible way, realizing the existence of a fraternal spirit among the deafened. The highly educated and cultivated for the most part share this spirit of brotherhood, but it is among them only that there exist few individuals who, knowing fully what riches are within their grasp, refuse them. Those will not study lip reading, even though they see its marvels before their eyes and they will not make life easier for their friends by using a hearing device. The reason doubtless lies deeply hidden in the psychology of acquired deafness. However, the social worker has merely to look about the world and note its recent sociological progress to be assured that the solution of this problem is the simple matter of finding a way. Perhaps the way lies in the direction of prevention, of work leading to the elimination of deafness."

Miss Peck herself is almost totally deaf, although born with normal ears. She was a member of the first board of the New York league, its president 1912-1913, resigning in the latter year to act as executive secretary, which position she still fills, besides an active part which she plays in the national association and her advisory work in the various city leagues all over the United States. Despite her great handicap, she remains cheerful, she is remarkably capable and possesses a very penetrating mind.

Helping the Deafened To Live in Comfort

Thus these organizations almost rebuild the lives of deaf people. Their members study and practice the art of lip reading; they procure employment; they learn how to make good use of hearing devices; they attack the non-social tendencies of the deafened toward isolation and ultimate demoralization by conducting every sort of activity possible which can restore a normal mental and spiritual attitude. These activities include parties of every description, cards, games, dances, outings; educative groups to supply in a special way what the deafened cannot get in a general way; among the latter are lectures, Bible classes, crafts, instruction, story telling, classes in social dancing and dramatics, while the New Lork league has a small but earnest brass band.

Authorities estimate that 20 per cent. of the population has defective hearing in one or more of the two ears. Above the age of thirty-five this percentage is much greater. The percentage of those deafened grows steadily from year to year at a rate that will make us a nation of hard of hearing people within three centuries unless measures of prevention are undertaken promptly. Thirty-seven per cent. of those who acquire deafness in middle age are required to change occupations or become dependent upon others for support. The work that these people are doing—a pioneer work—is therefore of great importance not only to those who are already afflicted but also to those who may become so later, and more important still—in the bigness of their hearts—they are working with might and main to prevent deafness among children, where 90 per cent. of the present cases of dull hearing has its origin and could have been prevented with proper care.

These leagues are so comprehensive in their scope that people of normal hearing should join in with the work. Furthermore, a most singular thing for such organizations, the institution is supported only by deafened people themselves, and they are the only large body of defectives who have undertaken their own work of reconstruction and social betterment. Moreover, these are not charitable societies; except, perhaps, what they do for hearing people who are unconcerned about the cases of prospective deafness in their own ranks.

ENJOYING LIFE, ALTHOUGH HARD OF HEARING.

A DANCE *in the* ASSEMBLY ROOM, N.Y. LEAGUE *for the* HARD *of* HEARING.

ANNETTA W. PECK, EXECUTIVE SECRETARY, NEW YORK LEAGUE *for the* HARD *of* HEARING.

FUNERAL A GREAT EVENT AT HOME FOR INCURABLES

Services for Mrs. Mulkey Attended by All the Inmates Whose Wheeled Chairs Could Be Got Into the Little Chapel

By WILLIS STEELL.

MRS. MULKEY died in the night, but made no fuss about it. Nevertheless nearly every one of her more than 400 fellow inmates of the Home for Incurables knew before breakfast that a funeral was in prospect. They knew, too, that, as sometimes happened to their disgust, it would not be held outside in some undertaker's establishment, but in the little Episcopal chapel attached to the institution, which was entered by means of double doors from the sun parlor.

This third great event in the life of humanity is thrice an occasion here where the other two which share man's interest in the world are banished. As I knew the son of the dead woman, an inmate also, who had been an actor of some prominence before locomotor ataxia made him unfit for the stage or any other pursuit, I went to the funeral.

Although it was not by any means my first visit to the Home the original feelings of depression, even unhappiness, which had been somewhat blunted by custom, returned, quickened by the occasion. I saw too with clearer eyes what the place was like. In my judgment it lacks a great many things that one would care to see, but this should not imply absence of comfort for the inmates. What one chiefly misses is beauty, but that is not so easily obtainable.

Yes, the ruined tobacco mill that just hangs together on the edge of the Bronx brook in a glade of the Zoological Park, which seems to be trying to look like a nook near Lake George, is a more picturesque symbol of an old New York family—the Lorillard—than their ancient manor house which is now a part of the Home for Incurables. Ugly but roomy additions have almost obscured the old dwelling and the entire edifice as it now stands is an apotheosis of the commonplace. The very situation of the Home, in a triangular plot with elevated trains running past the front of it at 183d street and Third avenue is sordidly urban, but there are trees and grass on the plot and the inmates of the Home like the neighborhood, noise and all, and would be unhappy in a Thebaid.

As the hour had not been definitely set but had been left to suit the convenience of the chaplain there was nothing to do but to while away the time about the shaded grounds and in making the acquaintance of some of the individual members of this strange wheel chair population. Thus the writer learned the name and history of an agile but ancient little creature bedecked in second hand finery which she made no secret was the gift of an actress in whose company she had once played on the stage and through her he was introduced to Miss Thackeray, a cold English person, meticulously clean and with a head elaborately dressed, who informed him that owing to the name she led the intellectual set and that from the waist down "she was marble."

From the pair was gleaned some facts about the dead woman and her surviving son.

"There was really nothing incurable about Mrs. Mulkey," said Kitty Gray, "but when her son who had a stroke right on the stage was brought here she sold the little house she lived in somewhere up State and got admitted to the Peabody Home for Women. You can see the roof of their building from here. She was near her boy, you see, and could come here every visitors' day. But that didn't satisfy her and before long she made application here, saying she had lost her voice and it was incurable. The doctors put her off by trying every sort of remedy, but nothing helped, she kept on talking only in whispers. Finally they let her in and here she's been with her son every day for over a year. It seemed like nothing could separate the two, but something did."

"Mrs. Mulkey was quite the lady," remarked Miss Thackeray, "I never exchanged more than a formal greeting with her, but on this she did not presume. She was a black eyed little creature, who always appeared to be active and in good health. How strange it is that Mr. Mulkey, who appears so feeble, should be left to mourn!"

Miss Thackeray had spoken deliberately, but at this instant she became agitated and in a shrill voice exclaimed to the man who stood behind her chair.

"For mercy's sake, wheel me away quick as you can. Here comes that awful woman!"

That "awful" woman, wheeling a chair which contained an invalid, bore down skillfully upon the other two and interlocked their chair wheels before they could escape. She showed a tall, masculine figure, straight and slablike under a tight fitting gray sweater and on her head a black straw sailor hat was pinned at a crazy angle. The patient whom she wheeled about lay rather than sat in his chair like a pillow, with useless, dangling feet and hands. He looked up appealingly in the woman's face as the chair came to a violent stop.

"There, there, never you mind, Charley boy," said the woman. "Kate's only goin' to stop just a minnit. These women's on tenter hooks now, fer they don't like you, an' they don't like Kate enny too good. Oh, Kate's heard the way you two madams gossip and tell lies about Charley boy an' me . . . but all I want to know is if you too expect to git inta the funeral?"

"I'm sure it will be difficult," said Kitty Gray sweetly, "the chapel is quite too small to contain everybody. I suppose you won't try, Kate."

"Wunt I?" demanded the grenadier, "Charley boy an' me ill be there, sure thing, an' up to the front, wunt we, Charley boy?

"John will you please extricate my chair at once!" commanded the exasperated Miss Thackeray.

Kate drew her wheels back and the Englishwoman fled.

"Why do you wish to go to the funeral, Kate?" asked Miss Gray, "you didn't know Mrs. Mulkey."

"We've got our reasons," said Kate, shaking her head wisely. "No, I didn't know Miss Mulkey, but I knew how she fooled the doctors. Said she'd lost her voice . . . ha! . . . fooled the doctors she did, but she couldn't fool God!"

"Kate!" cried Miss Gray, shaking out her flounces, and wheeling herself away. "How can you be so sacrilegious?"

Kate shook her head grimly, pondering over the long word, but another "Gu—m" from her passenger called her back.

"What is it, Charley boy? Thirsty? Come along an' Kate ull git you a drink."

On the way to a fountain that issued a tiny gurgle behind the chapel Kate passed a group of male inmates sitting in a row of chairs in front of the main building who stopped her facetiously to ask if she and her beau Charley were going to attend the great affair.

"Sure we are, ain't we, Charley boy?" she replied with so violent a nod that she almost loosened her sailor from its moorings.

"There's going to be a big crowd," said one of the "joshers," "most as many as 'll want to get in to see you an' Charley married."

Kate joined the general laugh and had the last word. "When me an' Charley boy gits married all outdoor ain't big enough to hold the crowd," said she disappearing around the corner.

From the men it was possible to learn as much as they knew about the singular pair. Kate had been in the home four years, nobody could explain why, for she seemed as strong "as a horse." The boy, who was "40," if a day, had never had his foot on the ground; in a manner of speaking Charley boy was born in a wheel chair. The relatives who had placed him in the home had since died and the "boy" had caused infinite trouble to doctors and nurses until Kate adopted him. Ever since she had taken entire charge of him in the daytime, delivering him over to the nurses in the men's hall at bedtime with manifest reluctance. It was a case of unparalleled devotion which caused the locomotor ataxia and other crippled cases perennial amusement.

II.

Long before the hour finally set by the busy chaplain for the funeral service the wide space in front of the double doors leading from the sun parlor, a large room where vaudeville and other amusements are infrequently offered by actors and others, into the chapel had been rendered impassable by the wheel chairs drawn up as close as possible by the inmates who meant to seize the first opportunity to get in. Miss Gray, who could pilot herself, and Miss Thackeray, who had a "pusher," had advantageous positions. The latter looked over the crowd and said with unconcealed satisfaction:

"At least that insufferable Kate will not be admitted."

"She is hovering about the rear of the chapel," said Miss Gray. "I went back for a sip of water and saw her coming up again and again, as if to get a drink. Kate is smart and she's got some plan in her head.

"Oh, by the way," added she, "there's a dozen or more of those women from the Peabody sitting on a bench back there. The poor things knew Mrs. Mulkey when she was one of them. Anyway they'd want to come for a funeral is as good almost as a play to them, they live such shut in lives."

It was as good as a play to the inmates of the Home for Incurables. And pathetic were the evidences to be seen that they had endeavored to smarten themselves up for the event. The men were carefully shaved and combed, the shoes that so seldom cramped their tortured feet had been put on and polished and none was so careless as to omit donning the unwonted collar and necktie. Out of their treasure boxes the women had brought a bit of lace, a velvet ribbon or other gew-gaw, while in every instance much had been made of scanty gray hair, some even going so far as to display side curls. On every face there was a look of eager interest and expectation.

At length the doors were thrown open and the wheeled chairs rolled into the chapel. Miss Gray and Miss Thackeray, urged forward by those in the rear, had to back pedal, so to speak, to save themselves from crashing into the altar rail. There was a sound of thunder caused by the wheels on the stone floor, but it lasted a minute only. In that brief space of time the chapel filled up except for a middle aisle where the solitary mourner sat beside the coffin. Space was kept clear for a bench which had been placed between the side door and the altar. Then the doors were closed again and the wheel chairs that had failed in the race could revolve futilely outside.

A diminutive edifice, in truth, is the chapel, and rendered more so by the heavy arches over the columns which the architect evidently employed to create religious Gothic feeling. These were heaviest behind the chancel rail and in consequence the little chaplain in his worn surplice and with a look of goodness on every feature of his face moved about in a semi-darkness. Light from a central window fell full on the coffin and on the head of the single mourner in his wheel chair beside it. He leaned forward, a frail, pathetic figure, with one arm resting on the mahogany surface.

In the pause that followed the rumbling of the chairs something like a commotion was heard outside the lateral door and a few words uttered in a decided tone could be distinguished. A look of understanding accompanied by a smile passed from face to face and some one muttered:

"That's Kate. There ain't any keeping her out!"

Sure enough, when the door was opened and a flock of elderly women in sober black came in and took their places on the bench reserved for them Kate, wheeling Charley boy, strode manfully in their wake. It was difficult for Kate and it would have been impossible for anybody else to find a mooring place for the chair, but she twisted and turned and bumped and shoved until she landed it immediately at the rail and directly under the pulpit. There she stood like a grenadier on guard throughout the services.

All the functions of these were assumed by the chaplain himself; he flitted from pulpit to chancel rail and thence to the organ, reading the prayers for the dead and the collect for the day, and when there were to be responses giving them also. Then at the appointed moment he sat at the organ and played and sang the hymns. Without any wish to be disrespectful to the "cloth," it may be said that the chaplain resembled nothing so much as a little fat Ariel scant of breath and overworked.

When the formal program was concluded the chaplain addressed his audience directly and in a homely way, reminding them that their physical disabilities by no means excused a lack of attention to their spiritual needs, and should, in fact, have the effect of taking their minds wholly from the affairs of this world. The incurables listened attentively to this advice and many of them assented to it by nodding their heads.

Then the little chaplain turned his eyes to the mourner, who had never lifted his gaze from the floor, and referred to the great bond of love which had existed between a mother and her son, so deep, in truth, that it had broken every other tie which attached the dead woman to the world in order that she might remain by his side and minister to his daily needs.

"In this place, which has of necessity laws and customs of its own, the great natural law survives. The parent precedes the child to the grave as in general is true. How many years may have to elapse before this mourner rejoins his loved mother. . . ."

But at this point the agitation of the mourner which he had hitherto repressed broke its bonds in the utterance of a wild and painful cry. Hearing it the preacher hurriedly brought his remarks to a close and said:

"The middle aisle has been kept open in order that those who wish to look for the last time upon the face of their departed friend may do so. They must proceed up the right side and down on the left, nor pause longer than an instant. Only those who are able to wheel themselves have this permission."

This seemed to be the point in the proceedings that had been eagerly waited for. With quite wonderful order, everything being considered, the audience ranged itself in the central aisle and the procession began. It proceeded unbrokenly and without other noise than that made by the wheels on the floor. Lastly, coming down in the same unbroken rank, it filed through the doorway into the sun parlor.

All this time Kate had stood immovable. But when space opened for her she left Charley boy in his chair against the chancel rail and went by herself to gaze at the dead face. Leaning both elbows on the lid she stood and stared.

The undertaker's men came forward and waited for her to make way. Kate paid them no attention.

The chaplain grew nervous. "Now, Kate, now Kate!" said he. Kate didn't appear to hear.

"You must move along," he urged. "Don't you see you're delaying things?"

Then Kate spoke up:

"I wanted to see how she looked. . . . I wanted to see. . . . She never lemme look at her when she was alive, she didn't think much of me and Charley boy, but she can't stop me now. I wanted to see." Here her voice broke into what might have become a sob, except that she firmly repressed it and continued in a kind of fierce way. "I wanted to see just what it means to be a mother!"

III.

There is no more to say. The sequel to a funeral at the Home for Incurables is like that of any funeral anywhere. The living talk about it for a little and soon speak of other things.

Moreover, this particular funeral had been protracted for so long that when the patients came out it was near the supper hour. They have supper early at the Home for Incurables, and as the dining rooms are at the top of the house during the last daylight hours the elevators are obliged to work overtime. And there is always a scramble among the guests to be early at the board.

Pushing Charley boy's chair as usual Kate, although she had been last to leave the chapel, was first at the elevator. She holds the record.

RUSSIAN TRAINS ARE UNCERTAIN

Amerian Relief Administration Had to Contend With Broken-down Equipment and Irregular Schedules in Transporting Supplies to the Destitute

By HARRY L. GILCHRIESE.

CAN you imagine the Twentieth Century pulling into Albany after a hard day's run from New York, dropping anchor and lying over for the night just by way of diversion while on her 1,000 mile cruise between Manhattan and the middle Western metropolis? Add to this a few angular wheels, a roadbed with the contours of a dromedary and "Pullman" cars furnished with hard wood benches, inhabited largely by the well known "cootie" and pervaded with a most unfragrant aroma—add these minor annoyances and you have the Moscow-Samara Limited.

Although the distance from Moscow, capital and largest city of Soviet Russia, to Samara is only slightly more than half that covered by the Twentieth Century in twenty hours, the fastest time the daily wood burning locomotive has ever made on the run is two and one-half days. Usually the distance requires about three days, and the word "about" is used advisedly. Ask a railroad official when a train will leave or arrive at a given station and he prefaces his reply with the word "about."

On a recent trip to Samara we picked up Bill Shafroth, American Relief Administration director for the Samara district, at a point eighty miles short of his destination. He had left Moscow a full day ahead of us, but his train pulled into a siding before finishing the trip and the engineer uncoupled and departed, leaving a train filled with passengers to finish the journey in any manner they saw fit.

How long the luckless passengers remained there we never knew, because they were still there the next morning when our engineer came back to work. The fact that they had been held over thirty-six hours worried them not at all, apparently, as they walked up and down the station platform munching pieces of bread as unconcerned as though it were an every day occurrence.

And it was. Nearly 6,000 miles of travel in Soviet Russia have taught me several unfailing truths anent railroads and railroading in this land of red flags and four hour work days. And one of these jewels of knowledge is that communistic train schedules are about as dependable as the temperament of the engineers, who incidentally are endowed with this virtue to a degree that is the envy of every ballet star. On a little jaunt down toward the Caucasus last March our engineer dropped us at a heaven forsaken village and there left us for three days because he thought the bridge across a river in front of us was unsafe. This would have been a laudable decision on his part had it not been for the fact that several heavy freight trains successfully negotiated the crossing during our three days of enforced isolation.

Passengers Were Soon Short of Food Supplies

It might be added, in passing, that the unhappy passengers, of whom there were about 300, barely survived this ordeal. Many of them had only come prepared for a five or six day journey and this unexpected delay put them in a bad way for food. Of course among the refugees aboard there was very little of this commodity anyway. Those who had funds, however, were able to purchase goat's milk, some very unpalatable looking pieces of meat and black bread. The second day the prices of even these items, purchasable at the little railroad market, doubled and trebled, and by the end of the third day food could only be obtained by the wealthy.

Not All Railroads In Broken Down State

It is not to be supposed, however, that all Russian railroad systems are in a state of collapse. Had this been the case the American Relief Administration could never have moved 600,000 tons of corn from seaports to Volga centers, thereby saving the lives of 6,000,000 starving men and women. Nor could the feeding of nearly three and a half million children have been accomplished during this trying period when every box car was pressed into active, though resisting, service.

Starting with only fifty freight cars last fall with which to haul supplies the railroad administration of Russia turned over to the A. R. A. every available car during the winter months until by the month of March, when the peak was reached, 8,585 cars were actually in service carrying American food to the twenty-one famine districts of Russia. And only about 7,000 locomotives were able to do duty in the whole of Russia! Considering the enormous added handicaps of lack of repair machinery, equipment, fuel and trained workmen, this achievement was nothing short of remarkable.

The Vladi-Kafkas system is probably the best managed and operated in Russia. And it was largely due to the unfailing effort of the hard working train crews of this line that corn for the Volga reached its destinations in time. Plying through the region of the Don, across thousands of square miles of steppe to the Caucasus, evacuating Black Sea ports with astonishing rapidity, the sturdy little locomotives of the Vladi-Kafkas delivered a hundred thousand tons of grain in a little over the first month of work. And not one carload was lost or stolen.

Czar Prohibited Curves on Railway

Next in order comes the Petrograd-Moscow line, the fastest in Russia. When the Czar Alexander III., father of the late Nicholas, ordered this road built he instructed his engineers to lay it in a direct line. The final plans were brought to him for his approval. Taking a pencil and ruler he drew a straight line on the sketch, connecting up the two cities.

"That," he said, "is the way I wish the track to be laid."

And that is the way it was laid. "As straight as an arrow," bridging hundreds of miles of swamp with a twenty foot hill, the Petrograd-Moscow Railroad is an illustrious example of engineering. The run, a matter of 400 miles, takes sixteen hours, although under normal conditions it is made in twelve. Not only is this the fastest line in Russia, but the best in the matter of equipment. The sleeping cars are of the same palatial Pullman type used all over continental Europe, decorously appointed and electrically lighted. They are the only cars so lighted I had the pleasure of meeting in Russia.

Members of the American Relief Administration are well protected, however, as far as sleeping cars are concerned. The coaches on the best trains are as a rule so crowded and unsanitary that the railroad administration, under the direction of Djerinsky, head of the dreaded Cheka, turned over to Col. Haskell's relief organization a number of first class sleepers for the exclusive use of the A. R. A. traveling personnel. With each car goes a mandate, or order, from the Cheka authorizing its use. Also two Government employees, or porters, whose duty it is to keep the car clean, see to its watering and keep the fire burning when necessary. The *provodnik*, as the porter is called, is an endless source of amusement to the American.

No Work, No Feed Rule Stimulated Industry

Early last spring a movie camera man and I made a flying trip through the lower Volga in a properly "provodniked" car. We experienced some difficulty getting the team to work, but as they had ventured on board without food, trusting to the "Amerikanskys" to supply this item, the difficulty was soon removed by the expedient of "no work, no feed," transmitted through our interpreter. We insisted that the car be thoroughly cleaned, as it had just come in from a long trip through a particularly bad district and looked as though it had housed a bevy of cattle. We were informed it would be done, and imagine our amazement when, upon arriving in a village where we were told there would be a several hours delay, we returned to the car to find a corps of peasant women scrubbing the floor and walls while our two husky provodniks sat calmly by smoking our cigarettes and directing operations. They had applied to the station master for help, they informed us, stating that the "Amerikanskys" wished it.

Their next encounter with a station master was not so easy. Among other things they had forgotten to have the car watered and to get a supply of fuel aboard before starting, so we suggested that they use their influence with the station master at Koslov, our next overnight halt, to fix these matters. When they put the proposition up to this station master he threw them out of his office. By the use of our magic "Cheka" mandates we succeeded in securing the water, but there was no wood to be had. During the night the provodniks went out and stole some wood, not because we wanted stolen goods, but because they were getting very cold. We professed not to notice the theft. We were cold ourselves.

Settlers Thronging to British Columbia

THE plow has become the rival of the buzz-saw in British Columbia. Time was a few years ago when lumbering overshadowed all other industries in the province. The prosperity of the province depended largely upon it.

It is still a basic industry. The sawmill has decimated the once magnificent forests of the United States. The vast virgin woods of British Columbia offer the lumberman the most profitable field on the American continent.

By wrecking the industry in Russia, the greatest lumbering nation of the Eastern Hemisphere, the war gave renewed importance to the Pacific slope of Canada. Not in history has there been such a demand for lumber as arose for home building in devastated Europe after the war. In the years following the armistice the export lumber trade of the province has broken all records.

But this is also a record era for settlement. For the first time the influx of homeseekers into British Columbia has rivaled that of the prairie provinces. The farmer has followed the lumberjacks. Where forests stood are golden grain fields.

How agriculture has gained on lumbering is shown by recent statistics of the British Columbia Manufacturers' Association. According to these figures the volume of business of basic industries in the province last year was: Lumber, $64,970,000; agriculture, $60,065,000; mining, $23,066,441; fishing, $22,329,000; other industries, $58,000,000.